



# A new Song, called

*Jacke Dones Resolution*, by which he doth show,  
That he cares not a rush how ere the world goe.

To the tune of, To driue the cold winter away.

234



**T**o all my good friends, these presents I send,  
yet neyther to beg nor to crave,  
For though some haue Roke, and I am but poore,  
I'me content with that little I haue;  
And Ie nere for my want, turne Sycophant,  
(though many there be that doe so)  
But Ie honest be, loue them that loues me,  
and care not how ere the world goe.

And though fortune frowne, Ie not cast my selfe downe  
but mildly beare what doth fall;  
Care will make me but worse, and nere fill my purse,  
but the day may come will mend all,  
When tis but a folly, for that to be sorry,  
which must be whether I will or no;  
But impatience in rest, then Ie hope for the best  
and care not how ere the world goe.

For why should a man care, or downe in despaire,  
though his fortunes be nere so vnkind?  
Why should I be sad, for what I nere had,  
or foolishly trouble my mind?  
No I doe hate, to pine at my fate,  
there is none but fooles will doe so,  
Ie laugh and be fatte, for care kills a Catte,  
and I care not how ere the world goe.

To sigh and to walle, what will it preuaile,  
or any whit better my fare,  
When a little good mirth, mong' friends is more  
and better then a great deale of care;  
Then Ie cheere vp my selfe, for content is great wealth  
let sighing and sorrowing goe,  
Ie laugh and be merry, with a cup of old sherry,  
and care not how ere the world goe.

Though many a Chaste, hath more then enough,  
why should I repine at their blisse?  
If I am content with what God hath sent,  
I thinke I doe not amisse:  
Let others haue wealth, so I haue my health,  
and money to pay what I owe,  
Ie laugh and be merry, sing downe a downe berry,  
and care not how ere the world goe.

Ie make much of one, for when I am gone,  
then whats all the world vnto me?  
Ie not be a slave, to that which I haue,  
but mong' my friends let it be,  
And least there rise debate, about my estate,  
when my beads late full low,  
Or some knaues circumspect it, to whom I nere meant it  
Ie spend it, how ere the world goe.

45  
28  
196





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# The second part,

To the same tune.



Some Men doe suppose, to goe in vaine Cloathes,  
 both purchase a great deals of respect ;  
 Though I am but poore, I run not on scoze,  
 I thinke my selfe honestly deckt :  
 Let others goe vaine, tis my owne that I haue,  
 and I thinke they can not say so.  
 And I like that I weare, though it cost not so deare,  
 and I care not how ere the world goe.

I'de rather goe meane, then be like to them,  
 which lining in pompe and state,  
 Paintaine all their brauerie, with priuate knauerie,  
 getting gold at any rate:  
 Such conscience professe, but vse nothing lesse,  
 deceiuing the world with a show,  
 But the time it may com. will pay such knaues home.  
 but I care not how ere the world goe.

Pour delicate Cates, pour Hypocrites eates,  
 and Wine of the best doe drinke  
 Much money they spend, but to little end,  
 and ne're on their end they thinke :  
 How Shrubbes be secure, when Cedars endure  
 all stormes and tempests that blow,  
 Let others rise high, but so will not I,  
 for I care not how ere the world goe.

For ambitions best sceane, is but a fine dreame,  
 which for a time tickles the minde,  
 And the hap of an houre, with such eany may losse,  
 as may turne all ones hope into winde,

When worse then befoze, they may sigh and deploze  
 to see themselves cast off so low,  
 When I all the while, doe sit and smile,  
 and care not how ere the world goe.

The flattering Curses, which fastne vpon surres,  
 and hang on the Noble-mans becke,  
 That crouch at their heele, whilst their bounty they feel  
 professing all loue and respect,  
 Yet when they doe fall, they runne away all,  
 but I hate to dissemble so.  
 What I doe for my part, shall come from my heart,  
 and I care not how ere the world goe.

Ile wrong none not I, but if some through enuy,  
 doe wrong me without a cause,  
 Or if me they dispaire, Ile fight them againe,  
 and reckon not of it two straws :  
 Dissembling I scozne, for I am free borne,  
 my happinesse lies not below, (hear  
 Though my words they want art, I speake from m  
 and I care not how ere the world goe.

FINIS.

G. B.

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 at the signe of the Bible

EXCELSIOR